Radical Noise, September Notes

I yield my every gout to the ocean
I ran 'till I die to face the forgotten
I've never been pollen waiting for a bee
I've never been an ink drop dispersing in water

With every fall, I got risen I go through three; I've got lost in one I've never been strong enough to hold the roots of a tree Stolen life!

My fear darkens me while I laugh I've learned being ownerless when I own I've never wanted to be slower than the time Or a snowflake resisting the spring sun

With every fall, I got risen I go through three; I've got lost in one I died with every planting flower and I couldn't stop it Stolen life!